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the verbal correspondences between the Latin and the English makes his indebtedness to the antiphon quite clear.

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TWO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF BROWNING

Among the MSS. in the British Museum, I found two letters of Browning's which, to the best of my knowledge, have never been published. One I print in part, and one entire. The first is perhaps interesting, as showing Browning's steady ambition as well as his admiration for the author of the vastly overrated *Ion*: the second is important, as proving that even so late as 1880 the sale of Mrs. Browning's poems greatly exceeded that of her husband's.

The first letter is to Talfourd, and is dated from Paris, 138 ave. des Champs Elysées, 17 Dec., 1851.

... "For my poor poetry—it has been the best I could do—it should have been far better to deserve your sympathy and recognition—what it may be, hereafter,—in whatever I may be able to effect yet—there is no saying: but it has been good for one of the best events of my life—it procured me the knowledge of you, the friendship" etc.

The second letter is to the Rev. H. R. Haweis, and was written in London, under date of 11 May, 1880.

"Dear Mr. Haweis,

I have just got your book, and at once thank you very heartily for your kind sympathy and indulgence—conspicuous in the article concerning myself—which is all I have as yet read—I wish your Printers would be more useful,—'fair, like my peers'—and 'with his human hair'—for 'fare like my peers' and 'human air' do me wrong, you will confess.

On one point you are misinformed,—you will be glad to know—instead of the poetry of E. B. B. being 'almost forgotten,' it is more remembered—than it ever was. A note from the Publisher, four days ago, apprises me that

the almost yearly new edition of the five volumes is out—and the corresponding edition of 'Aurora Leigh'—while a second series of Selections from the Poetry is just printed. The demand for my own work is nothing like so large.

Pray believe me, Dear Mr. Haweis, yours with all respect and much obligation,
Robert Browning."

The truth is, that although after 1870 Browning had an enormous reputation, his poetry never had a large sale during his lifetime.

WM. LYON PHELPS.

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TH. GAUTIER AND RONSARD

All students of modern French literature are familiar with the following verses of Théophile Gautier's poem, *L'Art*:

Tout passe.—L'art robuste
Seul a l'éternité.
Le buste
Survit à la cité.
Et la médaille austère
Que trouve un laboureur
Sous terre
Révèle un empereur.
Les dieux eux-mêmes meurent.
Mais les vers souverains
Demeurent
Plus forts que les airains.

It is interesting to compare Gautier's insistence here upon the immortality of art with some verses in which Ronsard uses very similar expressions in proclaiming immortality for the artist-Poet and those whom he celebrates.

Mainte ville jadis puissante
Est ores morte avec son nom,
Ensevelie, et languissante,
Et Troye est encor florissante,
Comme un beau Printemps, en renom;
Bien d'autres Roys qu'Agamemnon,
Ont fait reluire leur vertu,
Et si sont morts, car ils n'ont eu
Un Homere, qui mieux qu'en cuivre,